

LA PUCELLE;
O R,
THE MAID OF ORLEANS:
FROM
THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

THE FIRST CANTO.

..... *Non illa colo, calathifera Minervæ
Femineas adjueta manus, sed prælia virgo
Dura pati*

VIRGIL.

L O N D O N:

Printed for G. and T. WILKIE, No. 71, St. Paul's Church-Yard.

MDCCCLXXXV.

LA PUCELLE;

THE MAID OF ORLEANS;

THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.



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MCCLELLAN

OF the LA PUCELLE of VOLTAIRE it is almost superfluous to speak, as, from the prevalence of the language in which it is written, the public cannot be ignorant that it has every characteristic of its celebrated author; that it is wit and satire adorned with all the colouring of fancy, and all the elegancies of diction. Attending to its various beauties, the translator felt a wish of giving them to his own language, for the accomplishment of which purpose he set apart some hours of a life happily disengaged from the severities of business; and the reader is here presented with a short specimen of the result. If it be so fortunate as to meet with his approbation, the remaining parts shall be consigned to the press. That they are at present withheld proceeds from the translator's diffidence of success; it is far from his desire to obtrude himself on undeserved notice, and, when he professes that he is not studious of profit, he must acknowledge that his affluence is not sufficient to induce an indifference to loss. There are two very respectable descriptions of men to whom the translator must particularly address himself: the periodical critics, who avow themselves the guardians of the public taste; and the men of grave characters, who, alarmed at the name of Voltaire, may on this occasion feel themselves the guardians, and prepare to enter the lists as the champions, of the public morals. To the former the translator must announce himself the writer of amusement, and not of profession; but he wishes not, under any pretences, to obtain more than his due, and his
 object

object is not to preclude criticism, but to deprecate severity. Acquainted with the original, the style of which, like that of all satyrical writings in French verse, is close, compressed, and abrupt, they must be sensible of the difficulties of the undertaking, and it is only for the indulgences to which these may be entitled, that he presumes to solicit. If therefore, in adapting the poem to an English dress, the translator has here, and there been tempted to use some little latitude in the construction, he has only to throw himself on the candour of his judges, and to hope that he has neither been so frequent, nor so licentious in the use of it, as to destroy the general sense, and spirit of the author, to amplify his compression into weakness, or overlay the character of his wit with superfluous ornament. To the latter the translator finds it less difficult to address himself, for his literary delinquency he feels to be greater than his moral. The PUCELLE is usually ranked with the most exceptionable of its extraordinary author's productions, but the translator cannot subscribe to the propriety of this disposition; he allows indeed that the poet's wit is sometimes too wanton, and his satire sometimes too undistinguishing, but the frippery of a declining superstition, the abuses and corruptions of popery in particular, and of priestcraft in general, seem to be the just object of the one, and to entertain the fancy rather than taint the mind, is the obvious tendency of the other. It was under this aspect of the work, that the translation was undertaken, in which the translator trusts nothing will appear to justify classing him amongst the open, or the insidious enemies of virtue, or religion.

THE

THE
MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE FIRST CANTO.

Which of the French King's am'rous feats
With beauteous Agnes Sorel treats,
Orleans besieged, a Saint's appearing,
And many more things worth your hearing.

OF Saints to sing tho' weak my strain,
And sav'ring somewhat of profane;
Yet would I fain devote a verse
That heroine's praises to rehearse,
That more than amazon of woman,
Who such exploits atchiev'd, as no man,
No mortal ever did before;
An angel only could do more:

And

B

For

For if what's said is gospel, she
Restor'd the drooping fleurs de lys;
From Charles her monarch turn'd aside
Of English rage th' impetuous tide;
And offer'd him at Remo's altar,
Rescued perhaps from ax, or halter,
There to receive the sacred unction
To fit him for his royal function.
Yet had she each external sign
Denoting gender feminine;
The face, the dress, and had, I trow,
The badge infallible below:
But an Orlando's vigour lay
Beneath the petticoat and stay.
All this does mighty well for Mars,
But under me in Venus' wars
A cadet, if to chuse I am,
Should have a stronger smack of lamb.
For you'll discover that this Joan
Of Arc was lion to the bone,
With hair an end as you proceed
Of her unrivall'd feats to read;

And

And yet, Herculean as they were,
To keep her maidenhead a year
Was of her toils the most severe.

O! of discordant mem'ry thou,
Who, curst by Phœbus with a bow
On fiddle of most gothic tone,
Hast scrap'd the history of Joan,
Chapelain, in honour of thy trade
Vouchsafe thy genius to my aid:
But no---Houdart may need the boon
To make old Homer a buffoon.

'Twas on one Easter tide at Tours
Where Charles in cap'ring pass'd his hours,
The youth, blest circumstance for France!
Saw Agnes Sorel at a dance.
A form of that superior kind
As leaves description far behind;
For let imagination seek
The first young rose on Flora's cheek;

Go

Go bid the sylvan nymphs attend
 Their harmony of shape to lend;
 And then to Love's enchanting face
 Add all that beauty owns of grace;
 For ease and elegance make room,
 And dress her from Arachne's loom:
 With Syren music let her tongue,
 Her steps be with seduction hung:
 Beside, like bees round ev'ry charm
 Let Je n'scai quois unnumber'd swarm,
 A single one of which contains
 A pow'r to lead the world in chains;
 On's marrow-bones the hero brings,
 Makes fools of sages, slaves of kings:
 And yet such colours were too faint
 This lovely paragon to paint.
 The monarch saw, and felt a flame,
 To see and love her was the same;
 And through th' ascending scale of fire,
 From the first spark of young desire,
 His royal breast was taught to prove
 The whole thermometer of love.

And

And now 'twas ogling, trembling, sighing,
The voice in speechless murmurs dying;
Lock'd hands unto each other growing;
The anguish of the bosom showing
By looks that speak, and eyes that burn,
Impatient of a fond return:
In short, in each occasion seizing
To practice ev'ry art of pleasing
Which love ingenious could invent,
A day, a live-long day was spent.
The bus'ness which their subjects mince
At once is swallow'd by a prince,
Who falls in love o'er head and ears
No sooner than the fair appears,
Made of combustibles to catch
At sight of beauty, like a match.
Agnes with seeming fang-froid would
Have mask'd her feelings if she could,
But ah! the courtier's roguish eyes
Soon penetrate the thin disguise.

C

Meanwhile

Meanwhile, the young intrigue to hide,
To trusty Bonneau Charles apply'd;
A counsellor of greater pow'rs
Grac'd not the parliament of Tours;
Nor one of all the king employ'd
So much his confidence enjoy'd:
At court, where geese are swans, a post
Of such considerable boast,
No title an iota less
Than back-stairs fav'rite could express;
Which i'th' plain English of the town
As well by name of Pimp is known.
Reflected by the silver flood,
On Loire's fair banks his villa stood;
Thither Miss Agnes went by water,
Charles cloak'd in night soon follow'd a'ter.
Supper was serv'd, with choice of wine,
A scene, tho' not without design,
Yet plain, and clogg'd with no parade,
Dumb waiter Bonneau only play'd:
Compar'd to this, ye pow'rs above,
What is the nectar'd feast of Jove!

Our

Our lovers to desire a prey,
Alternate change of grave and gay;
Now in the dumps, and presto soon
In spirits to jump o'er the moon;
Besotted, and like lovers ever
Seiz'd with an intermitting fever,
Sat bandying of their am'rous glances,
Those nameless, numberless advances,
Which ev'ry sense by turns employ,
Chaste prefaces to fuller joy;
Chaste though they be, they whet desire,
And add fresh fuel to the fire.
Thus rapt the prince her charms devour'd,
And in her ears love stories pour'd,
Her sweet attention to engage;
Which, at the bottom of the page
Like notes in books, beneath the table
Their mixing knees made explicable.

The supper o'er, to the repast
Succeeded in th' Italian taste

A trio,

A trio, set so, as to suit
 The hautboy, violin, and flute;
 A hundred heroes lost to glory
 Supplied the allegoric story,
 Whom mighty love had caused to dwindle
 Into mere twirlers of a spindle:
 The band secluded from the eye,
 The supper-room was station'd nigh:
 Whilst Agnes, modestly retir'd,
 Sat where she could not be admir'd,
 Yet heard, invisible to all,
 The musick's ev'ry swell and fall.

'Twas midnight, and the silver moon,
 Refulgent at her highest noon,
 Shed her mild radiance from above,
 To gratulate the hour of love.
 In a recess where art had play,
 With gold and sculpture richly gay;
 Where shade had just enough of room
 For am'rous thefts to form a gloom;

And

And where, tho' not excluded quite,
Yet not obtrusive was the light,
The holland and the down disclose
Their provocations to repose;
Whose pow'r the languid fair confest,
Number'd her beads, and sunk to rest.
From this delightful scene not far,
A door commodious lay a-jar,
Which Al'ce, her maid, experienc'd shut!
On purpose, had forgot to shut.
Ye lovers 'tis for you to guess,
What I, what language can't express,
(For you are judges of the matter)
The King's impatience to be at her;
His hair in careless tresses bound,
Arabia breathing all around;
Whilst on the brink of joy he stood,
And all but plung'd into the flood:
But see to take the leap he ventures,
The bed-chamber, the bed he enters.
The sequel, O! for words to utter!
Consult the heart's tumultuous flutter,

D

If

If in a moment so replete
With bliss, the heart have room to beat,
And, clogg'd with transport in the breast,
Every pulse be not suppress'd.
The conflict between love and shame
Sets all her beauties in a flame;
But shame is soon compell'd to yield,
And leave love master of the field:
And now he folds her in his arms,
Compliance melting all her charms;
His hands at liberty to stray,
And eyes to wander where they may,
Hands all impatient of controul,
And eyes that pierce the very soul;
Every outline now broke down,
Love's very citadel his own.
With hands thus privileg'd, and eyes,
Who could do less than idolize!

Beneath a neck, whose pearly light
Would shame the alabaster's white,
The

The breasts, twin hills of love, are seen
To heave, and leave a vale between;
Their summits beautifully round,
Each with a rose-bud nipple crown'd;
Provoking, as they ceaseless move,
The eye, the hand, the lip to rove,
And ravish some transporting bliss
By balmy touch, or balmier kifs.
Fain would my pencil have portray'd
The whole of this all-beauteous maid,
And for th' embellishing my story,
Have laid her soft contour before ye;
And, for her great Creator's honour,
Without a single rag upon her.
Mix'd was my pallet to proceed,
When, frowning on the purpos'd deed,
That virtue, to whose care by Heav'n
The morals of mankind are given,
Hight decency on earth, restrain'd
The impious licence of my hand.
Where she excell'd, if you should ask,
Description faints beneath the task;

It

It were impossible to tell ye,
Whether in face, or breast, or belly,
Or in the fore parts, or the nether,
So faultless was the altogether!
But of that most extatic minute,
Oh! to have felt th' effect or seen it!
Then ev'ry feature of the charmer
Glow'd in a double ratio warmer,
In due proportion to the measure
Of giving, and receiving pleasure:
For beauty wrapp'd in many a fold
Of coy reserve, and caution cold,
Is doom'd in embrio long to lie,
Or slowly quicken on the eye:
'Tis love, 'tis pleasure must disclose,
And give at once the full-blown rose.
Such raptures three whole moons employ'd,
And not a moment unenjoy'd!
To breakfast from the couch of love,
Fatigued, not sated, they remove;
Where all which art or nature's pow'r
Supplies, lost vigour to restore;

Fresh

Fresh eggs, and marmalade, and jelly,
Eringo root, and vermicelli,
O'er the luxurious board are spread,
To give the tone requir'd for bed.
To drive the deer with hound and horn
Is the next bus'ness of the morn;
And Spanish courfers champ the rein
To bear the hunters o'er the plain.
Now pleasure takes another face,
The bath receives them from the chace;
Where washes, pastes of ev'ry scent,
Pimples to cure, or to prevent;
Circassian bloom, Olympian dew,
All that can soften, or renew:
And ev'ry perfume which exhales
From Tropic flow'rs, and Tropic gales,
Unceasingly profusion sheds,
Beneath their feet, and round their heads;
Where ev'ry clime, and season meets,
To form an atmosphere of sweets.
The dinner then with new delights
Of costly luxury invites,

Diversified in many a dish,
Of roast, and boil'd, of flesh and fish,
Of various fowl, the barn-door tame,
And wild, denominated game;
Of callypash, and callypee;
Of rich ragout, and fricassée:
With ev'ry sauce, and ev'ry pickle,
Each sense to stimulate, or tickle.
Now, from the sparkling grape of Ai,
And mellow'r juices of Tokai,
A fire is shot into the brain,
Which soon from thence distils again
In ev'ry species, and degree,
Of humour, wit, and repartee:
Whilst Bonneau on the king's bon mots
Th' incessant shout of praise bestows.
The cloth remov'd, to help digestion,
Debated is some gen'ral question;
Where pleasantry, and reason find
Employ for body, and for mind:
Smut, inuendos, jokes abound,
The titter, and the tale go round;

And

And in the various bill of fare
Scandal, and politics have share.

Whilst here some rhyming coxcomb peer,
As vain as noisy, storms your ear
His flimsy madrigals to hear. }

Another, skill'd to rhyme and sing,
Fit comrade for a jolly king,
A bawdy song is heard to roar,
Till all the room is one encore.

The scene now shifts, the grave Sorbonne
Is summon'd to afford them fun,

Like mummies plaister'd to the ears
With learning of some thousand years;

And mock associates of their train,
Like them as formal, pert, and vain;

With flowing gowns, and pompous wigs,
Your dancing dogs, and learned pigs.

Close on their heels are usher'd in
Punch, Scaramouch, and Harlequin;

A tribe the lynx's eye to cozen,
And your fire-eaters by the dozen:

With

With all that's strange of plum'd, or hairy,
An Irish giant, and a fairy.
At dusk choice parties with the king
To see the play are on the wing;
For tho' the joyous day is done,
Their pleasures set not with the sun,
But on through ev'ning hours survive,
Kept by variety alive;
Till passion sounds the charge anew,
And love again demands his due,
Demands the undivided right
To rule the happy couple's night;
O'er whom, his purple wings outspread,
Flung bridal roses round the bed,
Where lapt in extacy they lay,
Till wak'd by such another day.
Still they desir'd, and still enjoy'd,
By repetition never cloy'd;
No jealousies, no jars arose
To break the calm of their repose;
No languor, no disgust came near,
And the last joy was still most dear:

For

For love and time, whose pinions know
No medium, or too swift, or slow,
Such pow'r had Agnes to enslave 'em!
Just flew as fast as she would have 'em.
Oft has he panted on her breast,
Whilst lips to burning lips were prest,
The monarch thus his fair address: }
My Agnes! idol of my soul!
Should the whole world to my controul
Submit, for thee I'd spurn the ball;
A charm of thine is worth it all.
My parliament perhaps this hour
Strips me of all my regal pow'r,
Prepar'd the Briton to obey,
And to invest him with my sway:
His be my sceptre, but of thee
Poffest I'm more a king than he.
Such words are not the most heroic,
But he must be indeed a stoic,
Whilst on a fine girl's bosom lying,
Perhaps the virgin zone untying,

F

By

By passion's furious sting inflam'd,
Who could a better speech have fram'd.

Whilst Charles, like pamper'd abbot, led
This sensual life of board and bed,
The English prince with rage unquench'd,
Keeping the field in slaughter drench'd,
His harness never off his back,
No time allow'd his boots to black;
To's head his helmet ever tied,
And dagger dangling by his side;
His vizor up, at rest his lance,
Play'd foot-ball with the pride of France.
In vain her walls, her tow'rs oppose,
They fall before him as he goes;
And bloodshed, rapine, and taxation
Mark his career with desolation.
Unchain'd the soldier's brutal rage
No quarter shews to sex or age,
But in the fight of one another
Ravish'd the daughter is, and mother:

Nay

Nay e'en the convent's sacred pale
With horrid insolence they scale;
Nor nuns, nor abbesses escape
The fury of the gen'ral rape:
Whilst the drain'd cellars of the fri'rs
Sublime their lust's unhallow'd fires.
Gilt faints with sacrilegious hand
Are all denuded, and profan'd;
And, what of sins the greatest sin is,
The gold is melted down to guineas.
The blessed Virgin and her Son
They treat alike, and piss upon:
Whate'er is holy they abuse,
And turn cathedrals into mews.
Thus when the wolves, athirst for blood,
And almost famishing for food,
Upon the weak defenceless fold
Sate their fury uncontroul'd,
At distance Colin in the mead,
And full of love alone his head,
With nothing to disturb his sleep,
Not e'en a dream of wolves or sheep,

Sunk

Sunk on his sheperdes's breast
Enjoys the luxury of rest:
Whilst off his post, and like his master
Regardless of the fell disaster,
His supper eating fits the dog,
And thinks of nothing but his prog.

Now, from his bright abode on high,
Beyond the ken of mortal eye,
Where, all his earthly troubles over,
He fatten'd with the faints in clover,
Good Denis, who once fill'd the birth
Of preacher to our fires on earth,
Slunk to a corner from his mess,
To weep his country's sad distress;
Blood, fire, and havock o'er her plains,
Her very capital in chains:
And, shameful! the most Christian king
Tied to a wench's apron string;
Regarding not a single jot,
If all the nation went to pot,

So

So he could whet upon her kisses,
His passion for more sensual blisses.
Now, this same Denis was to France
What Mars was to the Romans once;
Or, as Minerva was the same
To Athens, when she had a name:
With only this prodigious odds,
One faint's worth all the heathen gods!

Ah! by this fainted head, says he,
'Tis not the thing, not just to see
The downfall of that empire, where
The standard of the cross to rear
I took such pains, and such pains taken,
Hop'd that it never could be shaken.
O! house of Valois doom'd to moan
The lilies fading round thy throne!
I know thy perils, and my heart
In all thy mis'ries takes a part.
How can I then stand neutral by,
And suffer that beneath my eye

G

Th'

Th' imperious brothers of Fifth Harry
Should every thing before them carry?
A lawless, half-sav'd, ruffian crew
Thy royal rejettons pursue:
Bare-bottom'd turn thy sons adrift,
And leave thy daughters scarce a shift.
I hate, altho' a saint in heav'n,
(And may I for it be forgiv'n)
These Britons I have cause to hate,
For looking o'er the book of fate
If right I read, the time will come
When trampling on the rights of Rome,
This reasoning, this rebellious folk,
Impatient of her holy yoke,
Her bulls and pardons shall deride,
All her authority deny'd:
Her annals with contempt shall tear,
And burn his Popeship once a year.
This embryo, this unquicken'd crime
That's forming in the womb of time;
This sacrilegious insult cries
For instant vengeance to the skies:

A

A moment then let's not delay
To chace these British dogs away;
But punish home, but punish now,
Taking the menace for the blow;
And that by stratagem so new,
Which their posterity may rue:
So France shall Catholic remain,
Spite of these heretics in grain.

Whilst thus the faint of the French nation,
Larding his beads with execration,
His venom to himself was spitting,
In Orleans was a council sitting,
To fix upon some speedy measure,
To save themselves, their town and treasure,
On which the foe so closely press'd,
That nothing could be more distress'd:
The members, always as the case is,
Vary'ng in humours, as in faces,
Oglie of counsellors and lords,
These all for blows, and those for words,

Wail'd

Wail'd their misfortunes ferveral ways,
The felf-fame tune to diff'rent keys:
But, "what, alas! then can be done!"
Their chorus was in unifon.

Poton, La Hire, and Dunois firft
The fetters of debate to burft,
Biting their nails, and out of breath,
Cry'd on to conquest, or to death;
Hear nothing but our country's call,
Bravely to fight, and bravely fall!
Dammee, quoth Richmond, I muft own
I think it beft to burn the town;
And throw ourfelves into the fire,
Making one glorious fun'ral pyre:
Then, when thefe Englifh come to fpoil,
And cut our throats, for all their toil
It were a moft heroic joke,
To leave them nothing but our fmoke.
Alas! faid Trimouille, blubb'ring, why
At Poictou born, ye Fates was I?
At Milan all that's dear I've left,
Of all in Dorothy bereft:

To

To Orleans from her arms I came,
And quitted happiness for fame.
Fain would I, but I cannot fight;
Despair the hero puts to flight;
And must I in cold blood be slain,
And never see my love again!
Next Lovet, who in all men's eyes
The reputation had of wife,
Whose rank, and venerable air
Justly had rais'd him to the chair;
With fallies of the soul at strife,
For form a stickler all his life,
Urg'd, that due method be pursu'd
In bus'ness of such magnitude
As that of city almost sack'd;
That parliament should pass an act,
Or proclamation issue out
Against this English rebel rout,
Which might, with force of canon balls,
Be fulminated from our walls.
Lovet was, true, an able clerk,
But here he widely mis'd his mark:

H

Or,

Or, to his own sad case a stranger,
His brain engross'd with public danger,
Could he at home have smelt a rat,
He would have first begun with that;
And all his counsels had been bent
Against my Lady President.
For, Talbot, under whose command
Was led the fierce besieging band,
Her charms to rifle was on fire;
Nor less inflam'd he her desire:
Whose gallant form, and roast-beef size
Had not escap'd her lick'rish eyes!
The object of her waking theme!
The vision of her melting dream!
But her poor man upon his brows
Felt nothing, but his country's woes;
With the stone's cruel anguish torn,
Who heeds the shooting of a corn?
In such a council! so compos'd!
What sense, what virtue was disclos'd!
So much with public good was hung,
And amor patriæ ev'ry tongue!

But

But chief above the rest, La Hire
With more than patriot zeal on fire
Was eloquent, that, strange to tell!
Tho' he talk'd much, he yet talk'd well.
Whilst here they ceas'd, as they begun,
(For all was talk, but nothing done:)
Sudden! a something in the air,
They through the window saw appear!
When hors'd upon a solar ray,
A phantom, brighter than the day,
Strait cleaves the vault of heav'n profound,
A faintly odour shedding round,
That through the pathless firmament,
You might have track'd it by the scent:
Some stall-fed prelate, by his nose
Of carbuncle, and cheek of rose!
With gold resplendent shone his mitre,
Made by a circling glory brighter;
Whilst on the bosom of the wind
His sacred vestments flow'd behind;
A blaze of more than mortal grace
Irradiated his heav'nly face;

His

His bending neck the scarf betray'd,
The past'ral staff his hand display'd,
In form and dignity, of yore
Like that which Roman augurs bore.
Trimouille, at what he scarcely sees,
Was first to fall upon his knees,
And pray with seeming so devout,
So much of piety without!
Who, canting lecher! was within
A mere hot bed of ev'ry sin.
Undaunted Richmond, heart of steel,
No qualms, or horrors apt to feel;
Whose impious and blaspheming tongue
With oaths of bloodiest nature rung;
Bawl'd out, damnation! blast my eyes!
It is the Devil in disguise,
Come from the farthest verge of hell,
By all this curst sulphureous smell:
With Lucifer a tete-a-tete
Would be a most delicious treat.
With holy water, like a shot,
Old Lovet flies to fill his pot.

Poton,

Poton, La Hire, and Dunois gaz'd
All three, with goggle eyes amaz'd;
Whilst their attendants quite astound
Lay flat as pancakes on the ground.
The phantom seeing how they were frightened,
Soft from his sun-beam nag alighted,
And having with parental feeling
Excus'd their crossing and their kneeling;
When he had wav'd his hands, and bless'd 'em,
With accents bland he thus address'd 'em:

Be not, my children, thus afraid,
Denis I am, a faint by trade;
I lov'd this France, for up I brought her,
And erst her catechism taught her;
Then what must be my grief to find her
Reduc'd almost unto a cinder:
And see, what to endure is harder,
My darling Charly disregard her,
Who, for a pair of silly bobbies,
So shockingly deprav'd the cub is!

I

Will

Will risque the los of crown, and nation,
Will risque the los of his salvation.
To day I combat in her cause,
To ev'ry man, who zealous draws
The sword on France's side a friend,
Their pangs, their miseries to end.
There's not an ill, as sages write,
But cur'd is by its opposite;
Now if my Charly for a whore
Will give up France, and what is more
His honour, I'm resolv'd to try
If I can't change his destiny;
And mean to owe the potent charm
To nothing but a Virgin's arm.
Then if you think of e'er possessing
The love of heav'n, and its blessing,
If yet the French and Christian name,
Remain your boast, and not your shame;
If you've unquench'd one spark of zeal
Or, for your King's, or, country's weal,
I charge all present to a man,
In person to do all you can;

And

And on all others to prevail,
That they be ready, tooth and nail,
To follow me, fans more requesting,
All o'er the country a bird's nesting,
To try what happy region yields
Th' Arabia where this phœnix builds.
The faint his errand thus declar'd,
Whilst all his audience at him star'd,
Who, thinking it a curfed bore,
Of laughter burft into a roar!
Richmond, of raillery the zeft,
An hum'rift from the very breast;
Who'd rather lofe his life than joke,
Thus gibingly the faint bespoke;
Good Mr. Saint now, prithee, fay
Why would you leave the realms of day,
To lofe your labour and your time,
In ranfacking this finful clime
For fuch a gem! fo rare! fo priz'd!
(You furely muft be ill advis'd)
Which gain'd, if I may fpeak my mind,
I fear, old Greybeard, you would find,

Itfelf

Itself so giv'n to surrender,
Of town besieg'd a poor defender:
Besides why here your search begin
Amongst the rakings of all sin,
When you have such a choice supply
Of these same virgin things on high;
More num'rous than the lights which glare
At Rome, or at Loretto are?
But here to seek them is a farce,
An Otho is not half so scarce.
Of this commodity thy land,
Alas! poor France! has long been drain'd:
What with our red-coats and cockades,
Guiltless of ev'ry blood, but maid's;
Rank lechery in grave disguise
At visitation, or assize;
Our princes, and their pamper'd train,
Of lust and riot only vain,
A sterling maidenhead is not
For love, or money to be got;
And bastards more abundant now
Than orphans of their making grow.

Then

Then if you wish to interpose
This fav'rite nostrum for our woes,
Sir Saint, I'd have you change your route
To find the rare specific out.

The faint with indignation heard,
Blushing reprov'd, and disappear'd;
Then mounting, spurr'd his solar steed,
And swift through ether wing'd his speed,
With all the ardour of a lover
His search pursuing, to discover
If in all space's ample bound
This gem of gems was to be found.

The END of the FIRST CANTO.

Then if you wish to interpret
 This false notion for our words,
 Sir Saint, I'd have you change your route
 To find the rare poetic out.

The faint with indignation heard,
 Blushing reproved, and disappeared;
 Then mounting, spurn'd his solar orb,
 And swift through ether wing'd his speed,
 With all the ardour of a lover
 His search pursuing, to discover
 If in all space a single found
 This gem of gems was to be found.

The End of the First Canto.